

THE ADOPTED CHILD;

A MUSICAL DRAMA IN TWO ACTS,

By SAMUEL BIRCH Esq

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY,

With Remarks, Biographical & Critical,

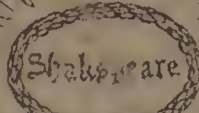
By D—G.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A DESCRIPTION of the COSTUME, Cast of the CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES and EXITS. RELATIVE POSITIONS of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the STAGE BUSINESS, as now performed in the THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

Embellished with a
FINE WOOD ENGRAVING,
BY MR. BONNER,

from a
Drawing taken in the Theatre
by
MR. R. CRUIKSHANK.

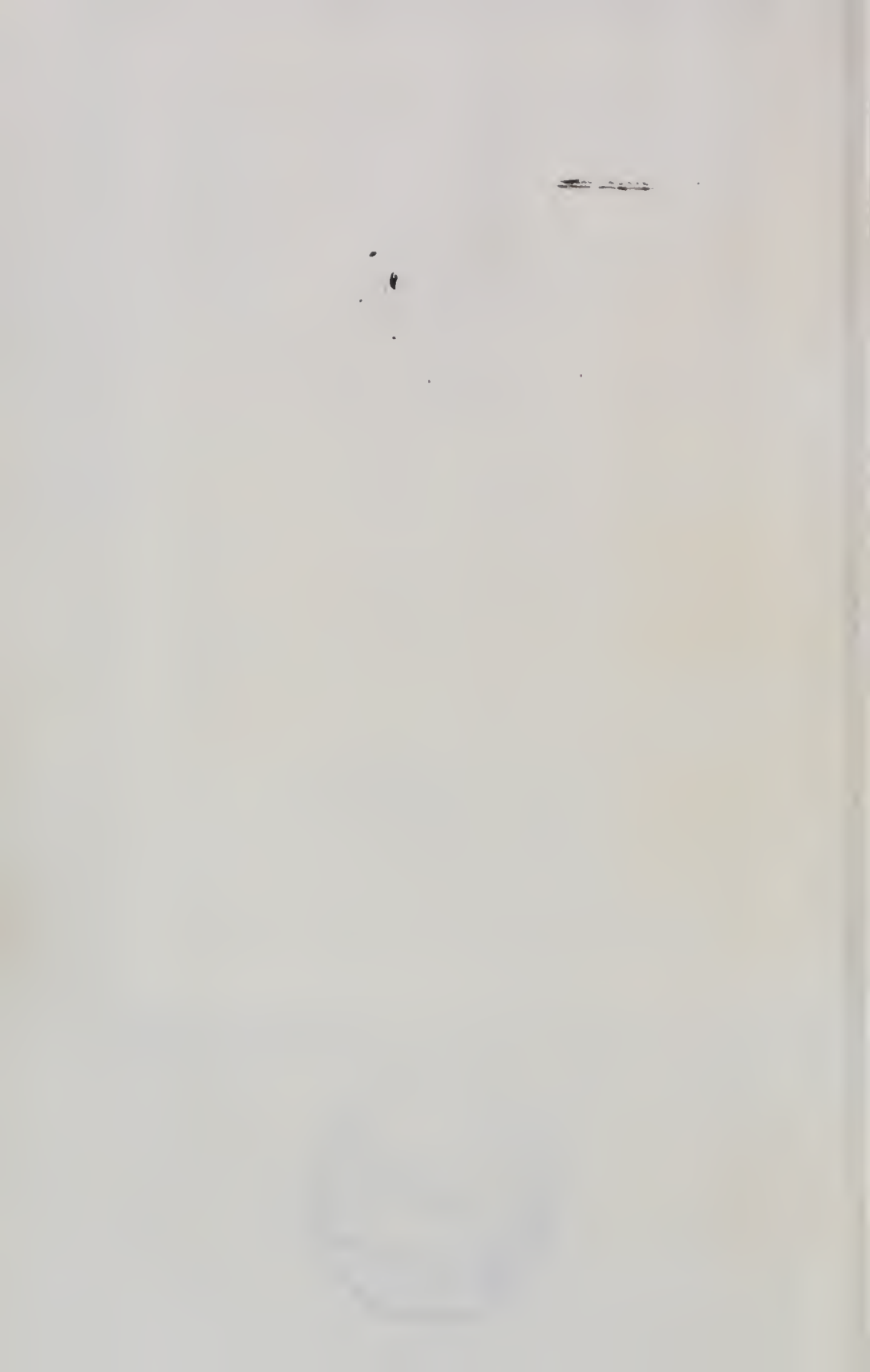


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R. Cruikshank, Del

G. W. Bonner, Sc

The Adopted Child.

Nell. We are ruined, Michael! we are ruined!

Act II. Scene 1.



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In Two Acts,

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LONDON:

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 2, CUMBERLAND TERRACE,
CAMDEN NEW TOWN.



REMARKS.

The Adopted Child.

“ WAS ever poet fined for sheriff?” A sly insinuation this against the poverty of the Muses, and by one who had put its truth to the test. It has been held that literary and commercial pursuits are incompatible. This we deny. The money-grub, whose trade is—

“ His household stuff, his field, his barn,
His horse, his ox, his ass, his everything,”

has no thought beyond his daily occupation. With him careful hours pass in dull succession; he knows not even what hath been facetiously called “Irishman’s Holyday,”—*change of work*; and he reverses the great end of his being, by living to himself, and making his death a benefit to mankind. There are others, of more enlarged views and liberal principles, who would still rigidly exclude Apollo and the Nine from all co-partnership with Mammon and Company. These prejudices lean on the side of prudence; for we frankly admit that, unless literature, as connected with commerce, be taken as a *relaxation*, one or the other must be neglected; and the question is, which is the most profitable pursuit?

Regarding literature as a *profession*, it is not our present purpose to inquire. An English classic has beautifully described its pleasures and its pains:—

“ And thou, sweet *poetry*, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear, charming nymph! neglected and decry’d,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride!
Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
That found’st me *poor* at first, and keep’st me so.”

As a relief to the duties that necessity imposes upon us it is intellectual and soothing. Happy the man who can escape from his counting-house to his closet, and lose the cares of the *present* in the wisdom of the *past* !

“ Give me leave

To enjoy myself : that place that does contain
My *books*, the best companions, is to me
A glorious court, where hourly I converse
With the old sages and philosophers.

Can I then

Part with such constant pleasures, to embrace
Uncertain vanities ? No ! be it your care
To augment a heap of wealth ; it shall be mine
To increase in knowledge.”

“ Was ever poet fined for sheriff !” When did robes and furred gowns ever hide a votary of the Muses ? When the ingenious author of *The Adopted Child* was called to the councils of his fellow-citizens,—a farce, which, to have written, “ I’d be an Alderman !”

Great is the inspiration of turtle and venison ! Never more let it be said,—

“ Fat paunches make lean pates, and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but banker-out the wits.”

For poetical excitement, commend us to pine-apple punch ! Henceforth be the Temple of the Muses, Guild-hall ; and the lyre of Apollo, the city gridiron ! It is a shrewd saying, “ Those who *drink* water, *think* water.” Warton paneygrized Oxford ale ; yet Pope was of opinion that it required something *more* than malt and hops to rouse the poetical temperament, when he speaks of the “ *parson* much be-mused in *beer*,” and apostrophizes “ unlucky Welstead !”—

“ Flow, Welstead, flow, like thine inspirer, *beer* !”

Addison owned the inspiration of a cheerful glass ; Johnson felt the god descend when, in his characteristic manner, he demanded (lemon in hand), “ Who’s for *poonch* ?” Parnell, the poet, Pitt, the politician, and orator Sherry,

each and all loved old port; and the choicest lyrics of Burns were thrown off,—

“ When soul and body
Were moistified with whisky toddy.”

Horace and Virgil, when in company with Augustus (who, in reference to the short breath of the one, and the watery eyes of the other, remarked that he sat between sighs and tears), quaffed bumpers, till their wit sparkled like their own Falernian: Aristippus and Aristotle both loved the bottle. Thus (to say nothing of Jove’s nectar and ambrosia),—

“ We see the old ancients, as well as the moderns,
Could take a sly sup of good wine!”

Alderman Birch is an example that commerce and literature are *not* incompatible; but that, by a happy union, they bring both wealth and fame. Citizens (with reverence be it spoken!) are mortal men. The stream of time, which is continually washing away the Court and Common Council, though it sink the *Alderman*, will spare the *Author*. Mr. Birch has filled his various stations in life with honour to himself and advantage to mankind. As a patriot-citizen, his eloquence has stemmed the tide of popular disaffection; as a man of business, his integrity is unimpeachable; and, in his domestic character of husband, father, and friend, few men are more beloved.

The story of this piece is interesting. To tell it in any other words but those of honest Michael’s, would weaken its effect. Suffice it to say, that *The Adopted Child* is bequeathed by his dying father (both of whom the fisherman rescues from a watery grave) to his paternal care, together with a trunk, with strict injunctions not to open the latter until he shall hear of the death of Sir Edmund, the inhabitant of the neighbouring castle. This request is religiously obeyed, and the boy is brought up as the son of Michael. After a lapse of eight years, Sir Edmund dies; the news transpires, the trunk is

opened, and the Adopted Child discovered to be the lawful heir to the estate of Milford Castle. From the moment of his birth, his life had been sought, emissaries are abroad to enslave him, and he is at length traced to the cottage of Michael at the ferry. He is captured, and re-captured. His would-be assassins are foiled and brought to shame, and the juvenile baron (for such he is) succeeds to his title and estates.

This drama is exceedingly well-written. It is pathetic and humorous, without any violent attempts at either. The character of Michael, supported by the rare talents of Bannister, was wonderfully effective. His recital of the shipwreck story, his blunt pathos, and honest exultation, were thrilling in the extreme. Record, the ancient steward, "most accurate!" was a dramatic nut whimsically cracked by the never-to-be-forgotten Dicky Suett. These parts have since descended to Mr. Wallack and Mr. J. Russell, who are every way qualified to do them ample justice.

 D.—G.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this work print no plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from personal observations during the most recent performances.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; F. *the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; C. D. *Centre Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R.

R.C.

C.

L.C.

L.

* * * The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

Costume.

SIR BERTRAND.—Old English slate-coloured doublet, trunks, and hose—crimson velvet cloak—green roquelaure—russet boots—black hat and feathers—the dress trimmed with silver lace and white bell buttons—collar—sword.

LE SAGE.—Slate-coloured tunic and pantaloons, trimmed with yellow binding and white bell buttons—russet boots—black hat and feathers.

MICHAEL.—Sailors' pea jacket—red flannel shirt—petticoat trousers—blue stockings—fisherman's boots—glazed hat.

BOY.—Sailor's jacket—red waistcoat—white trousers—straw hat.

SPRUCE.—Old English brown doublet, trunks, and hose, trimmed with blue and white bell buttons—russet boots—hat and feathers.

RECORD.—Old English chintz-pattern doublet, trunks, cloak, and hat—red stockings—russet shoes.

FLINT.—Black doublet and trunks—red hose—large russet boots—large black hat—large brown cloak.

CLARA.—Old English amber and point dress.

LUCY.—Black velvet body and blue points—scarlet petticoat—Old English scarlet hat.

JANNETTE.—Claret petticoat—blue body, with blue and black points.

NELL.—Blue petticoat—black trimming—brown boddice—old English sleeves—white cap, and black ribbon—blue stockings—black shoes.

Cast of the Characters,

As Performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

	1795.	1827.	1831.
<i>Sir Bertrand</i>	Mr. Trueman.	Mr. Younge.	Mr. Younge.
<i>Le Sage</i>	Mr. Sedgwick.	Mr. Bedford.	Mr. Bedford.
<i>Record</i>	Mr. Suett.	Mr. J. Russell.	Mr. J. Russell.
<i>Michael</i>	Mr. Bannister, jun.	Mr. Wallack.	Mr. Wallack.
<i>Spruce</i>	Mr. Bland.	Mr. Webster.	Mr. Brindal.
<i>Flint</i>	Mr. Phillimore.	Mr. Yarnold.	Mr. Yarnold.
<i>Boy</i>	Master Walsh.	Miss Vincent.	Miss Smith.
<i>Clara</i>	Miss Leak.	Miss Pincott.	Miss Pearson.
<i>Lucy</i>	Miss de Camp.	Miss Nicoll.	Mrs. Humby.
<i>Jannelte</i>	Miss Tidswell.	Miss Willmot.	Mrs. East.
<i>Nell</i>	Mrs. Bland.	Mrs. Orger.	Mrs. Orger.

SCENE—A remote Part in the North.

THE ADOPTED CHILD.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An old Hall in Milford Castle.*

Enter LUCY and RECORD, R.

Lucy. (c.) I tell you, once more, Mr. Record, I won't stay any longer in this place, to be frightened to death every hour of my life, night and day.

Rec. (R. c.) Pooh! pooh! why, you are a silly girl—childish apprehensions: you have been reading some foolish stuff or other to put such notions into your head. What is there in this venerable building to frighten such a sweet innocent little girl as you, most timid?

Lucy. What is there?—Why, arn't I obliged to cross those long cloisters, I don't know how many times a day, where my own steps clatter like twenty people, besides myself; and, when 'tis dark, to go to bed in that frightful room of tapestry, where those horrid creatures with nodding plumes are galloping upon their large horses, and the wind whistles all night as loud as thunder along the gallery; and to be all alone, too; or if I do see any body, is it not you, Mr. Record?

Rec. Well, and is there anything so frightful in me, most insulting—whom would you see?

Lucy. Why, something human—something like myself, that I could talk to—oh! when shall we have a master and mistress come to this place?

Rec. You must put up with me as master; and as to a mistress, if I can do very well without one, surely you may. Our old gentleman's relations are on their road from Spa, and we shall soon be all alive again.

Lucy. What, will not Sir Edmund come back again?

Rec. Never! but, thank heaven, my accounts are all clear enough—his old complaint—but his relations have one consolation left, however.

Lucy. What is that, pray, Mr. Record?

Rec. The physicians all agree, that notwithstanding the obstinacy of his complaint, in his lifetime, he certainly died cured.

Lucy. Why, then, would it not have been better that he had never been cured, and perhaps the poor soul might have lived.

Rec. We are not such good judges as they—most presumptuous!—but mind me—I'm now going down to Michael's at the ferry, and don't you let a soul in, under any pretence whatever.

Lucy. I won't if I can help it; but, indeed, 'tis very dismal to be left here so many hours by one's self, while you are at the ferry. I can't think what you are so fond of them for.

Rec. Why, I love Michael because he would do no wrong to man, woman, or child; and, besides, he has seen better days.

Lucy. And what do you love Michael's wife for?

Rec. Because she loves Michael, and makes all his friends welcome; and that's a note of admiration in the wife of any man. [*A loud knocking without, L.*] There! there! there's a pretty racket at this early hour—go round by the south gallery and open the wicket, and then you'll see who it is.

Lucy. What, by myself?—No—if I must go, I'll go the direct road to the gate and let them in, for I dare say they have business here, by the loud knocking.

[*Knocking again—exit, L.*]

Rec. Those who have the least business generally make the greatest disturbance every where. Now to my accounts—I begin very much to suspect that Sir Edmund's title here was a little doubtful, and an old parchment I was turning over mentions something of the succession of the old baronet's male issue, if living—I shall keep possession of these till opportunity serves.

Re-enter LUCY, with SPRUCE, L.

Lucy. Nobody here but our Mr. Record, sir—he'll answer any questions.

Rec. Nobody here! why, the girl's a fool—she means nobody that can give a proper answer but me: she forgot the keepers of the armoury above, and the porters and mastiffs below. [*Aside to Lucy.*] What, do you mean to have our throats cut?

Lucy. I'm sure he don't look as if he would do any body harm.

Rec. Your business here, if you please, most impatient: by the knocking at the gate I should have thought my master had arrived.

Spruce. Not much out, old one, for he'll soon be here.

Rec. Who? my master?—I thought they had buried him at Parma.

Spruce. He that was your master lies there: but our present master here—I have left him at the ferry, and am come to put every thing in order for him. We shall give the old walls a warming, I promise you—take all the mildew out of the tapestry, and put a little flesh upon your bones.

Rec. Oh, you will, most audacious!—Why, then, as you are a stranger, I had better show you the house first. Will you be pleased to walk in and try our old fare, that you may be the better able to make comparison with the new? *[Exeunt Record and Spruce, R.]*

Lucy. When things come to the worst, they say we must mend. I think that has been my case a long time, and the blessed proverb seems now about to be fulfilled—he's a very smart fellow indeed, and I dare say won't forget me in the promised alteration of affairs.

SONG—LUCY.

Silly maid!
Be not afraid,
For joy will soon await you;
Hope repeats
What bosom beats,
No vision now shall cheat you
Time has wings, and soon will flee,
Single I will never be.

Why should time,
When in my prime,
With slow pace detain me?
Why be coy,
When bridal joy
Strives to entertain me?
Time has wings, and soon will flee,—
Single I will never be.

Re-enter RECORD, with a large key, L.

Lucy. What have you done with the gentleman?

Rec. Locked him in the refectory, most inquisitive! that nobody may disturb him—to give him an opportunity of arranging his plans of improvement here, whilst I go down to Michael to see whether he's an impostor or no. Confine yourself in the chapel till I return, and don't you open the door, if they knock the very walls down.

Lucy. Shan't I take him a tankard of October first?

Rec. No! put a little flesh upon my bones, will he, an impudent varlet?—My bones have never yet been ashamed of what covers them, and I must take care that the future covering don't blush for the bones. [*Exit, L.*]

Lucy. 'Ifegs! but I'll have another peep at him—he may like to go to chapel with me, and if he does, I can get him out—what then! the chapel is a very good place—but there will be no parson there—that's no fault of mine—well, we can read the ceremony without him. [*Exit, R.*]

SCENE II.—*Michael's Hut, at the ferry, L. S. E.—mountains in the distance.*

Enter SIR BERTRAND and LE SAGE, R. U. E.

SONG—LE SAGE.

Down the rugged mountain's steep,
Hark! the plunging waters leap,
Rushing with resistless force
To the Derwent's gentler course—
 Soon its fury will subside,
 Then we'll trust the safer tide.

Danger now awaits the wave,
Which the rash alone would brave
Hark! the plunging waters leap
Down the rugged mountain's steep:
 Soon its fury will subside,
 Then we'll trust the safer tide.

Enter MICHAEL, R. U. E.

Mic. (R. C.) The carriage and horses must wait the next tide—the torrent from that mountain is so rapid, I dare not answer for their safety. We can make you up tolerable accommodation here.



Sir B. (c.) We are not very particular—the country seems most beautiful, and the delay of a day or two will make no difference.

Mic. If you are fond of fishing, we have some rare sport a mile or two up the stream—you do us great honour to put up with our little place. Here, Nell, the best brown bread of our own making, and honey from our own hives. Homely fare, but sweet—stoop your head, your honour—our huts are but low.

[*Exeunt into the hut, L. S. E.*]

SCENE III.—*The Garden of an old Convent.*

Enter CLARA and JANNETTE, L.

Clara. (c.) The long absence of Sir Edmund, Jannette, fills my mind with strange apprehensions for his safety.

Jan. (L. c.) The charms of foreign travel, madam, are great.

Cla. Under his protection, Jannette, you know, I have lived here secluded from the hated passion of Sir Bertrand—nothing do I dread equal to his death; and then his precarious state of health when he went to Parma—

Jan. Madam, do not give way to such melancholy, You strangely discourage my labours to amuse and please you. I have just finished the grotto—the further end of it opens secretly to the forest.

Cla. Indeed, I am to blame. How beautiful it is!—what a heavenly retirement from the vicious pursuits of man!

Jan. From a seat within it you command the surrounding country, and in the distance a view of Milford Castle.

Cla. Oh, name it not; for though living here by favour of Sir Edmund, I can never forget it once belonged to my ancestors, and have great reason to believe it would have returned again to our possession, after a time, had not the cruel ocean deprived me both of a father and infant brother at a stroke.

SONG.—CLARA.

In seclusion's sacred bower,
Meek regret, with softened sigh,
Will enjoy her pensive hour,
Fearing no intruder nigh.

So, sweet bird ! thy lonely sorrow,
In the ivy'd turret's height,
Pines in secret, till the morrow
To the shades directs thy flight.

Smiling Hope ! my soul illume,
Transports thou alone canst giv
Dissipate a dungeon's gloom,
Bid the child of Sadness live. [Exeunt, &c.

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Michael's House.*

Enter MICHAEL and NELL, R.

Mic. Well ! they are out now, are they ?

Nell. Yes ; but I can't think what they notice the boy so much for—I wish they were gone.

Mic. Notice him, do they ? Where is he now ?

Nell. At his old employment, his pencils and his compasses, and I don't know what, pothering his poor little brains.

Mic. I'm not very easy about that boy ; he advances in life apace, and we are very laborious ; we have but little leisure—to be sure, you teach him to read.

Nell. Read ! ay, that I do—and he spells to a miracle.

Mic. (L. C.) Well, I know he does ; but if I could any how give him a little more learning, I'm sure he'd make an excellent scholar.

Nell. A scholar, quoth'a ? fine doing to make poor people scholars ! And when he has got it, I wonder who's to mind the Ferry.

Mic. Does a man make the worse seaman, think ye, Nell, because he understands his compass ? But come, come, sit down, and I'll tell you a secret, and you shall advise — [Brings forward chairs—they sit.

Nell. Now, Michael, you love me indeed ; and will you trust me with a secret ?

Mic. I will : you have always thought him a boy of mine—but I am not his father.

Nell. No !

Mic. No : but you shall hear. About eight years since, I had been out all night fishing, and about a league from hence was hauling close in shore, with a stiff gale, when I heard to windward a signal-gun fire, of a ship in distress. I could see nothing—but presently heard another, and then—the piercing shrieks of some

poor souls in their last extremity. That was enough for me—so I luff'd and stood out to sea again. The gale increased, and—it was my duty, Nell, you know, and danger was no object, when I could save the life of a fellow-creature.

Nell. I never would have had you, if you could have deserted them.

Mic. Well—the moon every now and then peeped from underneath a pitch-black cloud. I crowded sail, and soon made the wreck, just time enough to take out a gentleman and this little boy, with a trunk, and she went to pieces. I was endeavouring to make port again, when the poor gentleman, quite exhausted, told me he was dying, and begged I would run in upon the beach, as he had something to say. Cheerly, says I, cheerly—a glass of grog will soon right you again; so he tasted it, but it would not do—his spirits were ebbing apace, and I run into the first creek I could see. His distress had made him my commander, you know, and I was not to disobey orders.

Nell. What could you do with him, poor creature?

Mic. I struck a light, and seated him in a small cavity of the cliff, upon the best jacket I had got—made a small fire to leeward of as many sticks as I could scramble together, and sat down beside him, with the little boy upon my knee. You seem an honest fellow, says he, and I will trust you: my commander often has, says I, and I think you may. But take another sup of grog—he tried again, but could not—then, shivering all over, he said, I must be brief. I wrapped some old sail-cloth round him, put some more sticks upon the fire, and wiped the tears from the little boy's cheek, which seemed to grow to my bosom. Take care of my boy, says he, and don't desert him. I'll be damned if I do, says I, though to speak nearly choked me. Do not lose the trunk—perhaps it may one day reward you; I am rewarded already, says I; for at that moment I felt something at my heart, that was quite enough!

Nell. But where is the trunk, Michael?

Mic. Promise me one thing, added he: his life is sought secretly—keep him as your own, and when you shall hear of the death of Sir Edmund, of Milford Castle, then open the trunk. The poor soul reached out his hand, which the boy kissed as he dropped. The day-break gave me light enough to sink a grave for

him in the sand. He went peacefully home—the salt tear of a sailor seemed to satisfy him of his boy's safety; and the trust was more binding than if all the lawyers in the universe had been by—for the seal is here.
[Laying his hand upon his heart.—They rise and retire up.]

Enter Boy, L. S. E.

SONG.—Boy.

At evening, when my work is done,
And the breeze at setting sun
Scarcely breathes upon the tide,
Then alone I love to glide—
Unheard, unseen, my silent oar
Steals along the shaded shore :

All is dark—and all is mute—
Save the moon, and lover's lute ;
Tang, ting, tang, it seems to say,
Lovers dread return of day.

Toward the abbey wall I steer,
There the choral hymn I hear ;
While the organ's lengthen'd note
Seems in distant woods to float ;
Returning then, my silent oar
Steals along the shaded shore :

All is dark—and all is mute—
Save the moon, and lover's lute ;
Tang, ting, tang, it seems to say,
Lovers dread return of day.

[Nell and Michael advance to the Boy.]

Boy. Here, father ! these good gentlemen have given me—O, see here ! it will buy for me plenty of pencils and colours for drawing, when you can spare me : 'tis a great deal of money though, and I won't keep it if you don't like it.

Mic. They are returned, then—see, Nell, they want nothing. *[Exit Nell, L. S. E.]* What ! give you gold ! impossible ! Come, come, tell me fairly where you got this, and I won't be angry. Tell me the truth.

Boy. When did I ever tell you a lie ? You know I scorn it.

Mic. That's true, that's true—I am too hasty. Gold ! for what ? My heart misgives me. What did they say to you ?

Boy. O, they asked me if I should like to go with them, and said that they would give me a horse to ride upon; but I told them no, I would not, I was very happy, and so I am too; for you know I could not leave mother and you.

Mic. No, no—to be sure you could not. [*Aside.*] This is very strange!

Boy. They asked me who gave me this rosary, and they took a great deal of notice of it—they are very kind gentlemen, indeed; but you would not part with me, would you?

Mic. Part with you! no! never, till death slips the cable. [*Aside.*] That rosary was his father's, given to him on the sand just before he died—it has, I fear, betrayed him. Stay by me, and don't run about so much by yourself. [*Aside.*] O! they're coming—I must not seem surprised. [*Speaking loud to the Boy.*] We must down to the boat, Boy—more passengers are waiting to cross, and the tide is making in apace. Take the flask aboard. [*Boy brings the flask.*] Stay! there is but little in it. Well, well, if we can't bring our means up to our wishes, we can keep our wishes down to our means, and that comes to the same point, content.

Enter SIR BERTRAND and LE SAGE, in conversation, on the opposite side, R.

Sir B. There cannot be a doubt of it: here are the very features, line for line. [*Looking at a miniature.*] We must get possession of him by courtesy, if possible, and that will hoodwink suspicion; the disposal of him we'll settle after.

Mic. [*Aside.*] They are very intent upon the boy.

Le S. (R.) Had you not better speak to the man?

Sir B. (c.) That seems to be a clever lad of your's, rymen.

Mic. (L. c.) Yes, sir, I believe the boy's well enough.

Sir B. He passes for your son, I believe?

Mic. Why, whose should he pass for?

Sir B. Come, come, be explicit—do you mean to tell me that you are his father?

Mic. Why, as to that, few fathers, I believe, could take upon them to say; 'tis useless to fathom beyond the depth of the line; 'tis sufficient for me that he is cast under this roof, to lay claim to my protection.

Sir B. Will you part with him? He can have no

great instruction here—I'll see his genius attended to. What can he learn of you?

Mic. Nature's independence, honesty! Labour to procure his meal of content, and gratitude to him that sends it! He may see, perhaps, an example to resent injury or insult—what would you teach him more?

Le S. [*Aside to Sir Bertrand.*] A purse, Sir Bertrand, may alter this tone.

Sir B. Come, come, I have a fancy to see him educated. There's earnest of what more I intend for you.

Mic. I'll starve first! [*Offering a purse.*
[*Throwing it away.*]

Le S. Do you know whom you are insulting by this behaviour?

Mic. What, because I won't sell my boy? I don't know who his honour may be; but if he is in great power, he ought to know, that it was given him to protect, and not to oppress those below him.

Enter NELL and RECORD, L.

Nell. These are the gentlemen, Mr. Record.

Mic. [*Aside.*] Record here, and knows them! then I'm ruined.

Rec. Most high and mighty! you see your faithful servant bow before you; you are coming to Milford Castle—I suppose you bring credentials with you. I am the old steward of the place, and must render proper accounts; I keep all under lock and key, most accurate; and am very particular whom I let in during my master's absence.

Sir B. Did not my servant arrive before you left the castle?

Rec. He did.

Sir B. Where is he now?

Rec. Under lock and key, most noble.

Sir B. What, have you made a prisoner of him?

Rec. He is very safe till I return, with proper authority to let him loose; his companions are, two-thirds of a peck loaf, the carcass of a cold turkey, and a cheddar cheese—so there's no danger of his breaking out.

Sir B. An odd fellow, this; but come sir, why did you lock him in?

Rec. For the same reason that I've locked you out, right worshipful! To guard against impostors, as I must render account to those who come after; there-

fore, sir, I hope to see your credentials, the certificate of my master's death and burial, and your right of succession.

Mic. [*Aside to Nell.*] Sir Edmund dead!

Nell. The trunk, Michael—

Sir B. Le Sage, give him the papers—his formalities must be indulged. [*Le Sage gives him papers.*] In that parcel, you will see every thing you want. I shall not visit the Castle till evening. [*To Michael, in parting.*] Think of what I've said to you, and give me an answer.

[*Exeunt Sir Bertrand and Le Sage, L.*]

Mic. I hope I shall have an answer for you.

Rec. What a sudden alteration of affairs! Come, Michael, give me a draught of your ale—I'll sit down and chat with you a little—

[*Sitting, c.*]

Mic. I thank you, I thank you; and so, Sir Edmund is certainly dead, is he? Poor man! I am very heartily glad to see you. [*Aside.*] How the devil shall I get him out of the house? Nell, go and draw a mug of ale, child—take the Boy with you.

Nell. Well, I am going. [*Aside to Michael.*] But, Michael, can't you give me the key of the trunk, you know?

[*Exit, R.*]

Mic. Silence! And so these people are come to live here, are they? Upon my soul, I am heartily glad to see you!—But won't you be wanted at home?—You are sure you won't, now? because, make no ceremony with me—quite sure? [*Aside.*] Good God! what a taking I am in!

Rec. Oh, no; not in the least—not in the least. Yes, he's dead and—but where's the ale?

Enter NELL, with ale, R.

Nell. Here it is.

Rec. There's a fine head to it. Our last brewing did not turn out quite so well. What's your proportion? I shall mend our receipt. Ay, it should be deeper coloured than this. [*Drinks.*] Delicious, in good truth! Did I never tell you of Sir Edmund's pedigree?

Mic. [*Aside.*] My impatience almost chokes me! Here's to you! here's to you!

[*Drinks.*]

Rec. Why, you are in a damn'd hurry! What's the matter with you? I came to gossip half an hour or so.

Nell. He has a number of things to do. Mr. Record, good morning, good morning! [*Drinks.*]

Rec. Good morning! What the devil, are you drinking me out of the house?

Mic. [*Aside.*] I've a great mind to tell him, but—Well, good by; we shall meet in the evening, as I see you're in such a hurry now,—I'm sure you must be wanted.

Rec. Well, I'm going, I'm going! Lack-a-day! this is the strangest kind of hospitality, to turn your old friend out of doors!—Some family secret, I suppose?

Mic. Well, now, do go: make haste, will you?

Nell. There's a good man—good by!

Mic. You don't know how much I'm obliged to you.

[*Exit Record, L.*]

Nell. Well, now for it!

Mic. Now for what, Nell?

Nell. The trunk, to be sure. Shan't we open it?

Mic. We open it? I've divulged the secret to you, Nell, and of course we are embarked; but do you know the danger of two commanders in one bottom? If we mean to come safe to shore, we must have only one pilot; best acquainted with the coast, you must trust the helm to me: so, as there may be some difficulty in the steerage, I'll go first, and reconnoitre, and then——

Nell. What, then, you shut me out from the secrets of your heart! Have I deserv'd this, Michael?

Mic. Be satisfied: I'll keep nothing from you; but, when I open that trunk, I shall think I'm in company with my shipwrecked friend, and that his spirit will witness for me, my curiosity is excited more for the happiness of his boy, than for any paltry recompense I may expect for the discharge of the first duty of the human heart—kindness to the unfortunate.

DUET.—MICHAEL and NELL.

Mic. As the compass true, believe me,
Is this honest heart of oak.

Nell. If thy Nelly ever grieve thee,
Never faithful woman spoke.

Mic. By those eyes, my planets, steering——

Nell. Thou the pilot, safe we go;

Mic. Never from affection veering,

Nell. Briskly may the breezes blow.

Both. Now for life's uncertain weather,
Tight and trim, and fond and free
Safely in one bark together,
With fair wind, we'll put to sea. [*Exeunt, R.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Michael's House.*

Enter MICHAEL, R., with a trunk sealed up.

Mic. [*Looking out, R. and L.*] I have closed the hatchways, and the decks are all clear. I feel just now, for all the world, like a commander going into an engagement, determined to do his duty, eager for victory, yet not without remembering that a battle may be lost as well as won. [*Breaks the seal.*] This is the key. What's here? [*Opens the trunk, takes out a paper, and reads.*] "*The child with whom this trunk is found has lawful claim to the whole estate of Milford Castle, at the death of Sir Edmund. The writings within will explain the rest, and guide to the only copy of the Baron's will, now in the chapel of the castle. Whoever finds this, and faithfully executes the trust, will meet with his reward, if needy, in the silken purse within, besides an annuity of fifty pounds when he shall be in possession of his estate.*" Nell must not know this yet, it will turn her brain. She will be like a sudden squall, a hurricane that whisks at once round every point of the compass. I should like to see the purse, though; a little ready cash will be useful. Let's see, how shall I break it to him? I must make a friend of Record to examine the papers. Lucky little dog! Damm'e! I've done my duty by him, that's one comfort, though. It would have been a pretty business if I had let him go!

Enter NELL, hastily, L.

Nell. We're ruined, Michael! we are ruined!

Mic. [*Hiding the trunk.*] Don't be in such a hurry. No! we an't ruined,—not ruined, Nell!

Nell. I tell you, they have stolen the poor boy away,

and are dragging him I can't tell where. I saw him struggling till his little strength was gone! They have taken him quite out of sight.

Mic. Which way? Who have got him?

Nell. Over the—Oh, two such ill-looking fellows!

Mic. Damm'e, but I'll be up with them! Give me down my pistols. Don't look into that trunk; I'll tell you all—shut the papers in close—Poor little soul!—Take care of the trunk!—I shall never make press of sail enough after him—Don't look into that trunk, *Nell.* Oh, the villains!

[*Exit, hastily, L.*]

Nell. Yes, I'll take care of it; but, for fear of interruption, I'll go with him up-stairs, and there have an opportunity of satisfying my curiosity. Ah, I knew dreaming of those huge precipices boded no good.

SONG.—NELL.

If a woman is curious, sure Nature's to blame,
The sex, high and low, in this point are the same;
And what at our birth we inherit from her,
Is her own blessed gift, and no crime, I aver.

So, if kept from our view
Any good thing or new,
What wonder we pout,
And would fain find it out!

'Then how to please woman, I'll tell you the plan,
Is to say all you know, and as soon as you can.

These lords of creation, what a fuss and a pother,
Of wonders and dangers of this, that, and t'other.
What a trouble, heaven bless us, they'd save to their lives,
If they would but consult, in most matters, their wives.

'Tis strange they don't try it,
We are always so quiet,
Never wish for the rule,—
Only prudent and cool.

Then how to please woman, I'll tell you the plan,
Is to say all you know, and as soon as you can.

[*Exeunt with the trunk, L.*]

SCENE II.—*The Outside of Milford Castle.*

Enter SIR BERTRAND and LE SAGE, L.

Sir B. Is the boy safe?

Le S. All managed to a charm; they have got him

away without suspicion of us; and I have just written to remove him again from St. Nicholas, where he will be quite out of their recovery.

Sir B. That's well! Then soon the lovely Clara shall be the fair mistress of these extensive possessions. While Sir Edmund lived, I dared not to oblige her, but now—She knows not of our arrival, does she? ..

Le S. Not a syllable: she occupies a part of the old convent where I have lodged the boy, but knows not of your arrival, nor of Edmund's death.

Sir B. Thus far, then, we glide on smoothly.

Enter RECORD, L.

Rec. The way for your reverend steps is round these ramparts to the great gate. I have all the keys, and will give an account of everything as we go on. Will you be pleased to follow, most respectful?

[*Exit Record, R.*

Sir B. We'll follow. Your man is trusty, or, Le Sage, our plans will but involve us deeper.

Le S. (L.) Both secret and determined. You may now take possession with confidence and cheerfulness.

Sir B. No, Le Sage, who takes what he knows to be another's right, must have confidence indeed; but a merry heart will not be among his possessions.

Le S. Mere vapours! A glass or two of the old convent wine will alter your opinion.

SONG.—LE SAGE.

In the low winding vale, that's refresh'd by the stream,
Where the convent of Nicholas stood,
The vineyard invites the sun's ripening beam,
And, believe me, the produce is good.

How the monks, in their day,

Must have swigg'd it away,—

Oh, they let not a cluster escape;

Till their cheeks, I suppose,

In an afternoon's doze,

Were as purple and plump as the grape.

The mouldering walls are concealed by the fruit,
And the liquor, you'll say, is divine,
Though the clay of the fathers still clings to the root,
Our cups overflow with the wine.

How the monks in their day, &c.

[*Exeunt, R.*

SCENE III.—*The Armoury of the Castle.**Enter LUCY and SPRUCE, R.*

Lucy. This is the last of our curiosities, sir ; we have been all round the castle now, and I hope you like our situation.

Spruce. Vastly, vastly, my dear !

Lucy. I hope you don't believe I had any hand in locking you up ; it was all Mr. Record's own doing, I can assure you, sir.

Spruce. Not at all, my love, not at all ; I shall settle the old boy in a twinkling, when I'm a little to rights.

Lucy. And you won't forget me ; I should be sorry to lose my place now such fine people are coming.

Spruce. Lose your place ! You shall not, by this ! and this ! [*Kissing her.*] Depend upon it, I'll settle you, too.

Lucy. Thank you, sir. Lord, this will be something like living ! [*A door shuts within, with a hollow sound.*] Mercy on me, they are all coming in with Record's key, and will be up the winding staircase in a moment ! We must not be found here,—I shall be ruined ! We have no way out but that by which they come.

Spruce. Never fear ; put me in anywhere ; only make haste.

Lucy. Well, well, here, you can creep behind that black armour. Don't breathe, for your life ; they'll only pass on, and we can slip back when they are gone through.

[*Spruce places himself behind the armour, L.*]

Spruce. Perhaps I'm not the first coward that has trembled behind this suit of armour.

Lucy. I'll get into this case where Record keeps his best armour. I see he has left the key, and believes it locked.

[*Gets into the case, C. F.*]

Enter SIR BERTRAND, LE SAGE, and RECORD, R.

Rec. (L. C.) You see, right noble, I've done my duty ; everything is in the completest order.

Sir B. (C.) I'm satisfied ; and shall reward you accordingly.

Le S. (R. C.) For what are these piles of arms preserved ?

Rec. To arm your tenants and followers, most victorious ! in case of civil commotions. They were of great

import to Sir Edmund's grandsire; and my father followed him, when a youngker, in that helmet and coat of mail in his troublesome days.

Sir B. He was at Palestine, in the Holy Wars, was he not?

Rec. He was, right reverend; and I can show you the armour which he prized upon those occasions. [*Approaching the case where Lucy is concealed.*] It often preserv'd his life in great perils. He never went to the Holy Wars without it, and slept with it every night in his tent. I myself have now the care of it, and, indeed, I value it as much as the old warrior did; but I only regard it now as a curiosity, and am obliged to be very tender with it.

[*Opens the case and discovers Lucy.*]

Le S. Heavens! a woman!

Sir B. An excellent companion for the holy wars!

Rec. I'm dumb, most terrific!—Did I not order you to stay in the chapel till my return, and how the devil got you in here? speak. [*An arm from the black armour falls.*] What's that? Why, here's witchcraft in very truth.

Le S. That armour moves, Sir Bertrand—

Sir B. Which? which? *Le Sage*, what's the meaning of all this? Do you know?

Le S. I'll have it down, if the devil's there.

[*Drawing his sword.*]

Lucy. [*Screaming.*] Oh!

Spruce. [*Coming out.*] 'Tis only I, sir—I hope no offence, but this young woman was showing me all her—no, your curiosities, sir, and, hearing you approach, we feared you might be angry; so we concealed ourselves till you were gone by.

Lucy. Indeed that's all; as he was just come to his new place, I thought I would show him the nature of it.

Rec. Go down, huzzy—wait below till I come, most impudent—I shall pay you off directly. [*Exit Lucy, R.*]

Sir B. Don't be so hasty; as to you, sir, I shall desire *Record* to put you to some employment.

Rec. I will, most dignified! Come with me. So, putting a little flesh upon my bones did not seem to be all your intention here, eh? [*Exeunt Record and Spruce, R.*]

Sir B. Now, *Le Sage*, we are satisfied there is no copy left of the original will destroyed, we may with greater security proceed: send the boy beyond sea, and there let him be despatched.

Le S. 'Tis done! by this he's safe. Lose not sight of Record—he may still be useful; should he prove otherwise, or turn refractory, we must provide for him.

[*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE III.—*A Retired Part of a Forest—the remains of a Convent, R.*

Enter MICHAEL, L. S. E.

Mic. (c.) I have lost him now for ever, that's plain—I have wandered up and down through every track of the forest, and all to no purpose. Poor boy! how he'll grieve after me! his little heart will break—mine is gone to pieces already—quite water-logged; and Nell, too—well, I must not repine—the same Providence that threw him into my arms from shipwreck, may again think fit to save him. I'm quite faint and parched—I'll taste this running stream—here's a cup chained to the stone for wearied strangers.

[*He stoops to drink—the boy sings within the convent, R.*]

SONG—Boy.

Through forests drear I once did stray,
Where every songster used to say:

“O, loiter here, 'tis Nature's spring,
Thy carol sweet, dear minstrel, sing.”

Mic. Heavens! that's his voice! my strength's renewed—but how to get admittance——

[*Boy singing again.*]

“Sweet birds,” I cried, “could I, like you,
Ascend, the face of heav'n to view,
Like you I'd welcome Nature's spring,
My carol sweet for ever sing.”

Mic. Dam'me, I'll board! but lie to, lie to, Michael, and take a peep into the enemy's harbour.

[*Retires up, L.*]

Enter FLINT, L.

Flint. This purse is to have its fellow, when I take back evidence of the boy being safe on board. The smuggling-boat is ready, but the way to it bad. Oh! there's the old convent—now for my letter—if the boy's troublesome, this shall muzzle him.

Mic. [*Overhearing, and coming forward.*] What are you going to do with that letter?

Flint. What am I going to do? that's a pretty question—who the devil are you?

Mic. I am not used to turn assassin, believe me; but you must be plain, or two minutes will close your mouth for ever—the boy you are going for is in that house?

Flint. He is.

Mic. And you are employed to murder him?

Flint. Oh, no! to put him off to sea.

Mic. By orders from the castle?

Flint. Yes; and here's my reward.

Mic. That letter will procure him?

Flint. Yes.

Mic. Now mark me—first give me the letter: then strip off that villain's coat of yours, and steer towards the ferry-house—there drop anchor till I come.

Flint. Pull off my coat?

Mic. No words—but do it this moment.

Flint. Well, well; there—[*Putting off his coat.*] you are not going to take anything else from me?

Mic. No: keep your money—and if you can, enjoy it. Your coat I only borrow—it shall be yours again. [*Exit Flint, R.—Michael takes up the coat.*] 'Tis lawful in some cases to hoist false colours; [*Putting on the coat.*] and, dam'me, if I must play the hypocrite, but 'tis better to wear the villain's outside, so I am right and tight within, than to clothe a heart rotten at the core with the robes of honesty. [*Exit, R.*]

SCENE IV.—*Inside of the Convent.*

Enter CLARA and BOY, R.

Boy. (c.) Indeed, I could be happy with you as with any body; but that I love my poor father and mother so dearly. What are they going to do with me? I am sure I never injured them.

Cla. (L. c.) You are sent here to be under my protection, and I will endeavour to make you comfortable—Alas! I fear, by Le Sage directing this, some foul play—if so, and I lose Sir Edmund's protection, my ruin will be complete.

Boy. My father, Michael, always told me to fear nothing but doing a bad action—I have kept the lesson

close, and I wish he could see me now that I am not afraid. Poor dear Michael!

Enter JANNETTE and MICHAEL, disguised, L.

Cla. What ruffian are you, to break in upon our solitude, without notice and due respect?

Jan. Madam, he has found his way through the grotto from the forest; he has frightened me almost out of my wits—he says he has a letter for you.

Boy. Don't be alarmed, he shall not hurt you—oh, I'm almost afraid to look at him.

Mic. [*Aside.*] 'Tis he! his little soul breaks out. [*To Clara.*] Do not terrify yourself, fair lady,—I am no ruffian, [*Aside.*] though I believe I look damnably like one. [*Aloud.*] That letter will tell you my business.

[*Gives a letter, and drops a paper.*]

Cla. Signed Le Sage, as I foreboded: but what can all this mean?—'Tis no purpose my inquiry; I am myself unprotected, and can afford no help to others. This is the child!—My dear boy, it afflicts me to part with you, but you must go.

Boy. What! must I go with him?—Oh, Michael! what would I give to see you once more?

Mic. [*Aside.*] I cannot hold out much longer. I must crowd sail, or shall lose my weather gage. [*To Clara.*] Fair lady, your servant.

Boy. Where are we going?—If you mean to kill me, let me tell my beads first.

Mic. Kill you! oh, no! I did not think I looked so diabolical as that, neither. [*Exeunt Michael and Boy, L.*]

Cla. [*Looking after him.*] Farewell! farewell!—I cannot think why I take such an interest in that boy—ah, me! what's here? [*Taking up the paper, and reads.*] "*The child with whom this trunk is found, has lawful claim to the whole estate of Milford Castle, at the death of Sir Edmund.*"—Amazement! this must be my brother! and Le Sage, by employing this wretch, must have found the papers. Gracious heaven! then my dear father is lost for ever, and his child within the fangs of that miscreant agent. I'll to the castle instantly, although my life should pay the forfeit of my rashness. Just heaven will not look on without regard, nor suffer innocence to fall.

[*Exit, L.*]

SCENE V.—*An Apartment in the Castle.*

Enter RECORD and NELL, R.

Nell. We know you are our friend, Mr. Record, and trust the whole to you—Michael, I'm sure, depends upon your honour.

Rec. That he may with safety, most adorable!—I won't utter a syllable about the papers till the proper moment—when will Michael be here?

Nell. Oh, I can't tell—he is gone in search of the poor boy, and heaven only knows whether he will find him or not: perhaps they have killed him, and Michael lost his life in defending him.

Rec. Don't despond, most affectionate; he will come back to you; and now let me, while we are quite alone, just taste the nectar of those lips, most——

[Attempting to kiss her.]

Enter LUCY, L., who discovers him.

Nell. For shame, Mr. Record! what are you about?

Lucy. Mr. Record!

Rec. What brought you here, most curious, eh?

Lucy. I beg pardon, sir; but a lady desires to see you directly. *[Aside to Record.]* I see Michael's wife makes all his friends welcome. *[Exit, L.]*

Rec. Take care of the papers, Mrs. Nelly, and follow me. *[Exeunt, L.]*

SCENE VI.—*The Inside of the Chapel.*

Enter SIR BERTRAND and LE SAGE, R., CLARA and RECORD meeting.

Cla. Sir Bertrand here! then I'm undone!

Sir B. Now, lovely Clara, I can make you most happy; at last you see me lord of this fair castle, and you shall be its mistress.

Rec. *[Aside.]* This is very familiar at first sight, I think.

Cla. No, Sir Bertrand, that can never be; I come to claim a right on behalf of injured innocence. Le Sage must give the answer—where is the child, you hypocrite?—Where is the ruffian to whom you committed him?

Le S. Haughty madam, this is not a time to interrogate

my proceedings—your home, from henceforth, is here. That boy! what of that boy?—Why do you inquire

Rec. Be cool, most vehement, be cool.

Cla. That boy? the wretch you sent to murder him, I suppose, was not quite collected in his business, or he would not have left this behind him—know you that hand? [*Showing the paper.*] What, you pause?

Le S. This is some mystery beyond my cunning to develop.

Cla. It is my honoured father's hand, and that child my brother; restore him to me, or his blood shall be upon your heads, and sweep his oppressors from the earth.

Sir B. By this he is properly bestowed—this raving is useless—'twere better you prepare to share the splendour of this scene.

Cla. No, never: I'll to the world proclaim such villainy, though I beg my daily crust from door to door.

[*Going, L.*

Sir B. Not so hasty, Clara; you must not, shall not, leave me.

[*Struggling with her.*

Cla. For pity's sake assist me, heaven!

[*Breaks from him.*

Enter MICHAEL, R., meeting Clara.

Mic. What, more injuries!—Human nature can't endure them.

Cla. That ruffian here! then all is lost.

Sir B. What insolence is this?—How come you here? who are you?

Cla. Who are you, matchless hypocrite?—You know him not, nor his business.

Mic. Who am I?—Look on this weather-beaten brow, and tell me whether you can read aught there that could deserve injustice at your hands?—Look still, and say do you discover fear to resent it?

Sir B. What injuries are you speaking of?

Mic. What injuries?—Do you know a villain of the name of Le Sage, and does he know another of the name of Flint?

Le S. [*Drawing.*] Who has given your tongue this license?

Mic. Put up your steel—I've seen too many of them in my time to tremble at your's; a good cudgel is all the

weapon an honest cause wants, and more than a bad one will encounter.

Sir B. Leave the castle this instant; Record and Spruce, why don't you turn the fellow out?

Rec. I am too weak, most potent!

Mic. Because they know I have higher orders than your's to remain here.

Le S. Whose are they?

Mic. The Baron's, of Milford Castle.

Sir B. And who is that now?

Mic. I'll show you in the veering of a point. Hey! what! [*Searching his pockets.*] Damme, the paper's gone—the rudder carried away just coming into harbour.

Cla. What do you mean? Are you then his friend? What paper have you lost? Is it this?

[*Giving him the paper.*]

Mic. This! ey! this—yes, yes, it is, sure enough! Now I'll produce the commander of this station. [*Exit, L.*]

Re-enter MICHAEL, hastily, with the BOY and NELL, L.

Cla. [*Runs and embraces him.*] It is he again!

Mic. Yes, that it is—I'll swear to him as I would to my own right hand.

Sir B. This is all forgery!

Rec. I'm afraid not, most unfortunate! for Mrs. Nelly and I have been looking over some papers in a trunk—

Le S. What papers?

Mic. Those which his father delivered to me on his death-bed—

Sir B. Now you are detected; where was that, villain? for his father was cast away at sea.

Mic. In these arms—on the bleak sea-shore, when I saved him and his little one from shipwreck; and had not Heaven directed me to intercept that letter, he had still been at your mercy.

Le S. Curse on your officious zeal! We must think upon some plan to punish these usurpers.

[*Exeunt Sir Bertrand and Le Sage, R.*]

Rec. O, here are the tenants of the estate assembled to assert the right of our new baron against injury and oppression.

Mic. Now, Nell, it is enough for us to reflect that we have done our duty, and bore up so steadily against wind and tide to port, that we shall always find anchorage sure, and shelter from the storm.

FINALE.

- Chorus.* The castle walls resounding,
As loud huzzas unite,
Proclaim each heart abounding
With transport and delight.
- Boy.* Though chang'd our lot to brighter scenes,
Though fair the prospects rise,
My mind to former pleasure leans,
Unconscious of disguise.
- Clara.* To honour's sway
This happy day
Its proudest laurels owing;
Then be it bless'd
By ev'ry breast,
With gratitude o'erflowing.
- Chorus.* The castle walls resounding, &c.
- Nell.* In smoothest waters safe at last
We now forget the tempest pass'd;
For sunshine greets the happy shore—
Care never will afflict us more.
- Rec.* Most renown'd, I give you joy!
- Clara.* Mirth shall ev'ry hour employ.
- Chorus.* The castle walls resounding,
As loud huzzas unite,
Proclaim each heart abounding
With transport and delight.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE
FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

RECORD.	CLARA.	BOY.	MICHAEL.	NELL.
R.]				[L.

THE END.



CUMBERLAND'S
BRITISH THEATRE,

WITH

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BY D.—G.

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